



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

his game should be wasted in the fire, if the blister should rise any more: so pressing his left thumb to it, he caused it to burst, and the said thumb feeling a sensation of burning, he claps it into his mouth to cool; and oh, what a change—he, who, until that moment was as little troubled with knowledge as with care; and, as the saying is, “knew not a B from a bull’s foot”—the instant his thumb came between his teeth he felt as wise and prudent as if he was a hundred years old—all his future glories—all the failures of his foes, and all his own achievements flashed before his eyes, and he saw prospectively how that Ireland and Caledonia would ring with his fame, and both contend for the honour of giving him birth.

Thus it was that Fin M’Coul, instead of King Cormac, happened on the salmon of *knowledge*; and time and your patience, good reader, would fail me, to recount all his succeeding renowned deeds.—*Sketches in Ireland.*

POPULATION OF IRELAND IN 1831.

Having in a former number given an enumeration of Ireland’s inhabitants, we now add to it the last census.

LEINSTER.		Population.
Counties.		
Carlow		81,576
Dublin		183,042
Dublin City		203,652
Kildare		108,401
Kilkenny		169,283
Kilkenney City		123,741
King’s		144,029
Longford		112,391
Louth		108,168
Drogheda Town		17,365
Meath		177,023
Queen’s		145,843
Westmeath		186,799
Athlone Town		11,362
Wexford		182,991
Wicklow		122,308
Total .		1,927,974
CONNAUGHT.		
Galway		394,287
Galway Town		33,120
Leitrim		141,303
Mayo		367,956
Roscommon		239,903
Sligo		171,508
Total .		1,948,077
MUNSTER.		
Clare		258,262
Cork, East Riding	407,935	700,359
West Riding	292,424	
Cork City		107,007
Kerry		219,989
Limerick		233,505
Limerick City, including St. Francis Abbey, } extra parochial		66,575
Tipperary		402,598
Waterford		148,077
Waterford City		28,821
Total .		2,165,193
ULSTER.		
Antrim		314,608
Carrickfergus Town		8,698
Armagh		220,651
Cavan		228,050
Donegal		298,104
Down		352,571
Fermanagh		149,555
Londonderry		222,416
Monaghan		195,532
Tyrone		302,943
Total .		2,293,128

Note.—There are sixteen parishes in the county Kerry, and one parish in the county Cork, the returns for which are outstanding, from unavoidable circumstances.

IRISH SOLDIER.

During the late war in Portugal, and while the army was on its march to Merida, an Irish soldier having drank rather freely, quitted the ranks. He had scarcely done so, before he fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake, till very late in the evening.—Alone, and in an uninhabited part of the country, the poor fellow knew not whither to turn himself. He upbraided himself for his misconduct, and fancied himself already condemned by a court martial, and the sentence ready to be executed. To a village on his left he directed his steps, to see if some friendly individual would plead for him at head-quarters.—In this village he was informed there were two French soldiers concealed.—A thought darted across his mind, that if he could get them secured, he would be able to carry them into Almeida as prisoners, and thereby procure his pardon.—In an instant he loaded his musket, proceeded to the house where the Frenchmen lay, disarmed them, and in two hours after marched them off in triumph.—Some officers of the 71st regiment seeing a British soldier with two Frenchmen as prisoners, coming from the opposite side of the river, where none of the allied troops were at that time quartered, asked the soldier, “What men are these you have got?” He replied, “By St. Patrick, your honours, I cannot tell, but I believe they are Frenchmen, and it’s myself had the devil’s own work in catching them!”

COBBETT’S COURTSHIP.

Our readers need not be afraid that when we mention Mr. Cobbett’s name, we are going to touch upon politics. No; if nothing else would prevent us, self preservation would, and *that* preserves many a man from doing rash, foolish, or improper things, when every motive else has failed.

Mr. Cobbett has written a little volume entitled, “Advice to young men and women,” in which there is a great deal of good sense and sound reasoning, mingled, of course, with much *vigmarole*. In that part of it which gives directions to a lover, he introduces the history of his courtship, which it would be presumptuous to attempt to give in any other but his own words:

“When I first saw my wife, she was *thirteen years old*, and I was within about a month of *twenty-one*. She was the daughter of a Serjeant of artillery, and I was the Serjeant-Major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John in the Province of New-Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind, that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning’s writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow, scrubbing out a washing-tub. “That’s the girl for me,” said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards; and he, who keeps an inn in Yorkshire, came over to Preston, at the time of the election, to verify whether I were the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised; but what was his surprise, when I told him that those tall young men, whom he saw around me, were the *sons* of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New-Brunswick at day-break in the morning!

“From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once, to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this